

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford, deuise excules for thy fault.

George. Whil'ft we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pittiedst *Yorke*, and I am sonne to *Yorke*.

Edw. Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.

George. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*, I sweare as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:

Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.

By this I know hee's dead, and by my soule,

Would this right hand buy but an houres life,

(That I in all contempt might raile at him)

Ide cut it off, and with the issuing bloud,

Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,

Yorke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.

War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.

From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to France,

And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.

So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,

And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread

The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.

And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine cares.

First, Ile see the Coronation done,

And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,

To effect this marriage, if it please my Lord.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.

But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe,

We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,

And girt thee with the sword.

Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*.

Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,

For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous.

War.

of Yorke and Lancaster

War. Tush, that's a childish obseruation.

Richard, be Duke of *Gloster*: Now to London
To see these honours in possession.

Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrow

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon
And by and by the Deere will come this way

But stay, heere comes a man, lets listen him

Enter King Henry disguised

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of

And thus disguilde to greete my natie Land

No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,

No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,

No humble suiters sue to thee for right,

For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy

Keeper. I marry sir, heere's a Deere, his sk

Keepers see. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke

This is the King, King *Edward* hath deposd

Hen. My Queene and Sonne, poore soule

And as I heare, the great commanding *War*

To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*

If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,

Your labour is but spent in vaine,

For *Lewis* is a Prince soone won with word

And *Warwicke* is a subtile Oratour.

Helaughes, and saies his *Edward* is instalde

She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposd.

He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edw*

She on his left side, crauing aide for *Henry*.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of *Ki*

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I shou

A man at least, and more I cannot be,

And men may talke of Kings, and why not

Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert

Hen. Why so I am in minde, though not

Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is

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